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To Susan Simms Battle, who as a student at this college, made herself felt in every phase of college life,—who later, as a teacher here, by kindly interest in her pupils and patience in dealing with them, won their respect,—who, as a friend gained the admiration and affection of all by her Christ-like spirit, we would, in loving and grateful remembrance, dedicate this number.

The Editors.



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GREENSBORO, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1908

NO. 1

Susan Simms Battle

A few hours after Miss Battle's death the following article was written by W. C. Smith, Professor of English, and appeared in the next day's newspapers:

Miss Susan Simms Battle, a member of the faculty of the State Normal and Industrial College, after an illness of some weeks, passed peacefully away at the College Infirmary, Sabbath, May 31st, about 2:00 p. m.

Loved and admired by all who knew her, she gave to the world a beautiful example of the Christ-like life. Graduating at the Normal College in 1898, she taught several years most acceptably in the schools of Tarboro and of her home town, Rocky Mount. In the fall of 1903 she returned to the College for a year's post-graduate work, and in 1906 accepted a position as Instructor in English. This position she filled with marked ability, winning the respect and esteem of all with whom she came in contact.

In the early spring of this year Miss Battle gave evidence of waning physical strength and was urged by the college physician to discontinue her work. She finally consented to take a brief rest, but her heart was with her students and she was soon back in her class-room. The spirit was eager and the desire for service strong, but it had been decreed that her labors here must cease. Mindful of others to the last, and thinking that her death, which she seemed to anticipate, might occur during commencement she urged that in case of such an event no change should be made in the regular order of exercises.

The exercises were concluded, the students left for their homes and one week from the time of the commencement sermon the pure spirit of Susan Battle took its flight. The loss to the College is great. Yet even in the hour of separation the beauty of her living sheds a halo upon her death. She passed away, but her influence is with us and her work will abide. No more beautiful spirit has dwelt among us. The life that she lived was so abundantly useful and the faith she professed such a living reality that all who knew her must feel, here in truth is brought to pass the saying, Death is swallowed up in victory.

The Death of Summer

INEZ CROOM

The summer is dying, with soft-whispered sighs,
 So slowly, so sweetly, her face toward the skies.
 She pales not, nor shrinks from the fast nearing foe;
 On her face, wan in death, flaming colors now glow.

The autumn winds whisper notes plaintive and low,
 Through the trees sough the winter winds, dreary and slow.
 They shroud her with whirling white, soft-falling fleece
 And sob o'er her, breathless, with murmurings of "Peace!"

Cartoons, Their Meaning and Influence

MATTIE WILLIAMS

So recent has been the growth and development of the cartoon in its present aspect that there are few people, even among the most thoughtful students of human progress, who have yet realized the enormous influence that is being wielded by the cartoonists of today. Although the art of caricature originated centuries ago, its progress has been slow until within the last half century. But during this period its development has been so marked that it is rapidly becoming one of the essential features of the great American press.

Owing to the late growth of the cartoon it is the prevailing opinion that the art of caricature is of recent origin: but this is far from true, for it was one of the first arts to be cultivated. Indeed the tendency to burlesque and caricature was deeply implanted in mankind from the beginning. For in recent years rocks have been found with humorously exaggerated pictures scratched on their surfaces, which were evidently the works of the early cave dwellers, and even in the remotest ages of antiquity this love of the humorous found expression in the rude drawings inscribed on the tombs and historical monuments of Egypt and Thebes. Caricature was also employed by the Greeks and Romans, being used chiefly for wall and pottery decorations.

During the middle ages caricature continued to employ the same rude form. In the sixteenth century, however, noticeable progress was made, and about the time of the Reformation real pictorial caricature as we know it today, arose in Germany, and later found its way into France and England. Political caricature had its beginning in France during the same century, and was afterwards transplanted to Holland and England. It is in America, however, that it has attained its highest development, for it is here that the cartoon has become the greatest power in creating and moulding public opinion.

Since the cartoon is becoming such a popular means of impressing truths, let us pause for a moment to consider the

real meaning of the term caricature. It has been well defined as "the art which depicts things as they really are". While the picture idealizes and reveals life through rosy tinted glasses, the cartoon represents the human being stripped of his vanities. It gives to the people of today the power for which Burns longed in his well known lines:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!"

Although the cartoon contains an element of humor, there is embodied in it a deep underlying principle, which has for its purpose the correction of prevailing evils. It has fought silently and cheerfully the political, social and moral wrongs of the day, carrying conviction to the minds of millions.

The wonderful effectiveness of the cartoon is due to the inherent love for pictorial representation, which has found expression in all races and ages of man. The child loves his picture book long before he knows the alphabet, and the Esquimaux treasures an illustrated newspaper dropped by some explorer, although he cannot read a word of the printed page. In our own country there are many people who are too ignorant to read and understand an editorial, but even the most uneducated can appreciate a cartoon, for in it the whole situation is summed up so vividly that its meaning cannot fail to be seen. Then in this age of commercialism many people do not have time, and perhaps others lack the inclination to read long editorials. But even busy people will always stop long enough to interpret the meaning of one of these "striking editorials in outline". Realizing this fact the political editor who is abreast of the times is careful to see that his publication contains some of the events of the day summed up in a cartoon.

Though some attempts at caricature were made by Americans prior to 1860, it was not until the days of Thomas Nast, justly called "The Father of American Caricature", that the art gained vitality and force. Thousands yet living remember Nast's powerful war pictures which, inspired by passionate conviction, aroused men, women, and children. Of these, per-

haps the cartoon that created the most profound impression was one entitled "Peace". This represented the weeping Columbia leaning over the corpse of a Federalist, while at the foot of the grave stood an unarmed Union soldier shaking hands with a heavily armed Confederate.

The cartoon came out at a time when the whole country was clamoring for peace, and the influence which it exerted for the Union was powerful. President Lincoln and several members of Congress openly acknowledged that Nast's cartoons were the best recruiting sergeants for the North.

In the warfare against Tweed's Ring, Nast's cartoons were the strongest forces in its overthrow. In one of these pictures entitled "The Brains of Tammany" Tweed's head was represented as a bag of gold. How much more effectively was the greed and corruption of this ring thus presented than could have been done in page after page of printed matter? It was this and other similar cartoons that Tweed himself said caused his overthrow.

In the presidential campaigns since that time the cartoon has been one of the most frequent weapons used by political parties. The leading statesmen of the day have realized the power of the cartoon, and almost half of the number published deal with political questions. How many people of today have formed their opinion of the appearance and doings of Roosevelt almost wholly from cartoons? Could the President's great energy and undaunted courage be represented better than in the "Rough Rider" pictures, which represent him as being equal to any occasion, and in the humorous presentation of "Teddy and His Big Stick"?

No less effective have been the social cartoons, which, siezing upon the salient points of society, have endeavored to correct some of our worst manners and customs. One of the first cartoons on our social life pictured Uncle Sam in his shirt sleeves, this being a severe protest against the American's custom of discarding his coat in warm weather. Another which attracted much attention was an attack on the whittling habit which at one time seems to have been almost a national characteristic. This cartoon represents a man waiting in a restaurant

for a meal to be served, and growing restless because of the long delay, he whittles the table before him into chips and then calmly calls for another. The characteristic rush and hurry of the day as is best exemplified by the speed of the trolley and motor cars, and the reckless driving of the dray wagon, has been vigorously condemned by the cartoon. It would be almost impossible for an editorial to portray the headlong rush as vividly as has been done in the picture entitled, "Hurry, the American Goddess." In it a woman on a wheel is riding at a great speed, while around her ply fast trains, steamboats, and automobiles. The cartoon has long ridiculed our clamorous and noisy manner of celebrating holidays and through its influence and that of municipal art societies our national celebrations are being conducted in a more dignified and artistic manner.

The aesthetic sense has also been championed by the cartoonist, and his efforts in behalf of scenic improvement have been vigorous. The ruthless "Ad. painter", who unhesitatingly mars the beauty of nature with his hideous signs and billboards has long been a subject that has called forth the condemnation of our best cartoonists. The existence of advertisements in almost every conceivable spot is well illustrated in Puck's view of Coney Island "with advertisements on the hotel and beach, on the sails in the water below and on the balloons in the heavens above." Another cartoon entitled, "Picturesque America as seen from the Car Window", which recently appeared in Collier's Weekly, is one of the best exemplifications of the too frequent use of advertisement. In this cartoon there is an advertisement on every thing in view, not even the windmill and cattle have escaped. Such advertisements as "Use Butt's Safety Razors" on the goat, and "Jones' \$2.00 Pants" printed in bold letters on the trousers of the milkman, are emblazoned on every object. Such cartoons speak volumes and as a method of appeal to the popular mind no one can deny their great advantage over the editorial.

Besides exerting a strong influence in the political and social life, the cartoon is one of the most potent forces in the moral world. It is a well known fact that all the great cartoonists

have been dominated by high moral ideas, and as such they have been the merciless foe of all forms of corruption and dishonesty in both public and private life. The cartoons of Mr. Rogers, of the New York Herald, have been pronounced the most virile moral notes in that great newsgatherer. He and Mr. Spencer, of The World Herald, have been unrelenting enemies of graft now so prevalent in almost every class of society from the office boy to the highest official.

It is this deep conviction of the moral corruption of the age that inspired both Mr. Rogers and Mr. Spencer to carry on their crusade against the grafter. They are resolutely battling for common honesty. At least two-thirds of their cartoons have pictured graft and corruption in its present existing forms: and these have been widely published not so much for their artistic work, as for the great truth and principles which they so forcibly impress.

Although the best cartoonists have devoted their pens to correcting the evils of the age, it cannot be denied that in recent years such papers as Puck, Life and Harper's Weekly have published many harmful and obnoxious cartoons. For this reason there are many people who would have the cartoons suppressed. But they can never hope to see this done, for the best editors and journalists have felt so keenly the effective aid of this method of reaching the people that its use in the leading magazines and newspapers is becoming almost universal. Both the prominent place awarded to cartoons in the leading publications, and the large salaries of those who make them, often amounting to \$12,000 and \$15,000 a year, are convincing evidences that the cartoonist is far more than a "pictorial historian of the hour".

Hans Van Tassel

ELIZABETH ROBINSON, '10

It was the morning of "Memorial Day". My aunt and I were sitting on the large side porch of my home. The floor was strewn with flowers and evergreens of all kinds, which we were making into wreaths with which to decorate the soldiers' graves.

"We must not forget to make a wreath for poor Hans Van Tassel," my aunt said to me.

"Now, Aunt," I replied, "this is a good opportunity for you to tell me about him, as you have long promised to do. Why do you always decorate his grave on 'Memorial Day'?"

After some hesitation, my aunt consented, and told me this story:

"Your uncle, my husband, joined the Confederate army at the beginning of the great Civil War. Our three children and I were left at home with a few faithful negroes who were to care for us until my husband could come back. We were far away from the seat of war, and I felt perfectly safe. The first years of the war rolled by, and nothing disturbed the peace and quiet of my life, but during the last year of the war I had the misfortune to break my leg. One morning I was lying in bed trying to sleep. While I was calmly dozing, loud shouts from the negroes and the patter of horses' hoofs broke the air. I looked out of the window and saw a long line of Yankee soldiers coming into the grove. They rode up to the house and dismounted. After helping themselves to everything they wanted, the captain, who seemed to be their leader, called out to me that the house would be burned in three minutes, but that the inmates would be allowed to get out. I told him that my little children and I were there by ourselves, and that I had a broken leg, and could not walk a step. He then said that 'these rebels had to be taught a lesson in some way,' and that the house must be burned. So I told the children to run and find their old negro Mammy, and then go to a tenant's house nearby. I could not see any way of

escape for myself, as all of the negroes had disappeared, and there was no one to carry me out. I heard later that the Yankees had threatened to shoot the negroes if they came near the house, and had resorted to tying some, to keep them away. I leaned out of the window and saw the soldiers putting kindling wood under the house and it was soon in a blaze. Suddenly, a little Dutchman in the army who had been quietly looking at the scene for several minutes rushed madly up stairs into my room, pulled a blanket from the bed, wrapped me in it, placed me on his back, and quickly carried me out of the burning house. He took me into the grove, where I found the children all by themselves. They were very much frightened, but were trying to be brave and keep from crying. The Dutchman told me that he had a wife and children at home, and that for their sakes he was going to take us to some place of safety, where we could find shelter. So he got his horse and placed me upon it. Then, taking my youngest child by the hand, and telling the others to follow, he led the horse slowly up the road to a tenant's house of which I had told him. The soldiers, touched by his kindness of heart, let us go on, undisturbed. On the way, the Dutchman told me that his name was Haus Van Tassel, and that he belonged to a troop of Sherman's 'bummers'. He said that usually they did nothing but plunder houses, but that his captain was enraged by something he had heard that day about the Confederates, and determined not to spare any of them. We soon reached the tenant's house, and his wife, a kind-hearted woman, gladly took us in, and made us comfortable. After seeing that we were well cared for, Hans jumped on his horse and rode back to join his comrades.

Some weeks later we heard the loud roar of cannon and knew that a battle was being fought near by. Beginning at night fall, and continuing all the next day, ambulances and stretchers filled with wounded soldiers came pouring in. Every house in the neighborhood was turned into a hospital, and everything that woman's hands could do to make the poor soldiers of both the Northern and the Confederate armies comfortable was done. The following day, one of the women

in the neighborhood came running over to the house where I was, and asked me to come over to her home at once, as one of the Northern soldiers was there, who was begging to see me. I immediately thought of Hans Van Tassel and hobbled over on my crutches to see if I could do anything for him, in return for his great kindness to me. I walked into a room filled with cots, every one of which was occupied by a suffering soldier. The first face I saw was that of Hans Van Tassel. It was contracted with pain, and was a ghastly sight, but a smile came over it when he saw me enter the room. I saw that he had only a short time to live. I talked to him a few minutes, and promised him that I would write to his wife and tell her how noble he was, and how much he had done for me. Then I soothed his brow while I sang a soft little lullaby. He soon closed his eyes, and his spirit took its flight, before the song was ended. He was buried here, beside our Confederate soldiers, as his home was so far away. Now you see, my dear, why I always decorate his grave on 'Memorial Day.' It is a tribute of my undying love and gratitude."

A Tribute

ADA VIELE

The people of our State, especially those who have its educational welfare at heart, have lost an invaluable friend and helper in the death of Miss Susie Baker Saunders, of Washington, N. C.

On Sunday afternoon, July 12th, after an illness of seven weeks, her useful life was ended. She was buried the next day by the side of her father, Col. Joseph Saunders, and her oldest brother in the Episcopal Cemetery at Scotland Neck.

Miss Saunders graduated from our college in the class of 1899. While a student here, her literary efforts showed decided versatility. Her essay, "Some Notable Women of Colonial Carolina", won the prize offered by the Alumnae Association for the best essay on an historical subject. She was the author of the Play of the Class of '99. She was an editor of the magazine from the Adelprian Society. Her ability was appreciated by her classmates also. She was at one time their Vice-President and also Class Prophet.

In the fall after her graduation, Miss Saunders, though barely nineteen years of age, began teaching in her home town. For four years she taught a variety of subjects. In 1903 she accepted a position in the High School of Salisbury, N. C., to teach history. It was in this work that she achieved a reputation.

"It was in teaching history that she was particularly brilliant. That was the subject in which she took the greatest delight and for which she had made the most preparation. It was a pedagogical treat to watch her conduct a recitation. She was one of the very few women fully competent to teach history as it should be taught to high school students. She had a masculine grasp of political, economical, and industrial problems which the majority of women lack. She was as strong as the best man teacher in that respect."

The last two years of Miss Saunders' life were spent at home with her mother. So, in reviewing her work, we see that none of the duties which lie before us all were neglected by her. As a student, she improved her every opportunity. As a teacher, she was an inspiration to her pupils. As a daughter, she was irreproachable.

The Coming of Night

LAURA B. WEILL

The glory dies from the darkening sky,
Harsh voices of the day now cease;
The still night creeps o'er field and stream,
And o'er its land broods twilight peace.

Then soon through the gathering dusk
One silent little star is seen;
The moon climbs up the evening sky,
Shedding her pure and silvery sheen.

A gust of wind through the tall, straight pines—
A last bird's plaintive call
Sounds through the deep, dark woods,
Then—silence over all.

*Some Notable Women of Colonial Carolina

This paper was awarded the prize of \$25.00 offered by the Alumnae Association
of the State Normal and Industrial College for the best essay
submitted by one of its members in 1902.

SUSIE BAKER SAUNDERS, '99

It will not hurt modern women to turn and look back at the history of the State's womanhood. 'Twill be no history of Sodom or Gomorrah that their backward gaze rests upon, but the annals of a State who, though she has climbed slowly, testing carefully every foothold before she trusted her weight to it, has yet bred sons and daughters whose prompt and patriotic decisions have caused her name to stand "Foremost in Liberty's story."

But variability is ever a feminine characteristic, and we will herein display not our own variability, but that of the State's fair, by portraying high and low. Tory and Patriot.

Little is known of North Carolina's first distinguished woman, for surely that title is merited by pretty, pale Eleanor Dare, who upheld by woman's courage, and led by woman's love, followed her husband to a wild, new land, and there gave birth to a child whose name and fate were to be embodied in the legends of the State.

Can we not picture the gently nurtured woman struggling against hardships, the like of which she had never imagined? Or, standing on the shore with baby Virginia, watching for the ship that came too late? But imagination can go no further. The fate of North Carolina's first mother is too enshrouded in mystery to be pierced.

For almost two hundred years after, woman's share in the history of the State was a silent one. They figure only as the wives of men. Almost two hundred years—then there is the tap of the high-heeled shoes, a scent of sandal wood, and Esther Wake takes the stage, radiant in cherry ribbons and coquettish patches, "with a glance for one, and a glance for some" of the troop of gallants who attend her. She accompanies her sister,

* This article appeared in the October, 1902, number of the State Normal Magazine.

Lady Tryon, His Excellency's wife, but it is the fair Esther who is the toast of the colony, and for whose white hand the provincial macaronies sigh. Polite society waked up during Tryon's administration, and lace lappets and clocked stockings were imported into the colony in greater profusion than ever before. Routs and balls were frequent, and dandies flocked to the Governor's mansion. For "Zounds! here were women who knew linen from osnaburg, and could appreciate the set of a ruffle, or the way a sword knot was tied." So at the Governor's reception the young blood assembled, ogling and toasting the stately ladies, who waved scented fans and tossed high dressed heads, and thought the colony no such lonely place as represented. "But by my faith, 'tis vastly too crowded, I protest the colony hath no palace for a rout worth the name." So speaks fair Mistress Esther, and so thinks the Great Gray Wolf of Carolina, as Tryon is called by the Indians. So the patient Carolinians are appealed to, and an appropriation is made for a "fitter abode for His Excellency." But the Governor's ladies had ideas grander than simple folks dreamed of, and the plans for the palace grew by leaps and bounds, till by the time the stately brick edifice was finished, eighty thousand dollars had been extorted from a people clad in homespun, and funds had been diverted from the State coffers where they were sadly needed, that the palace might be provided with marble mantels and cornices.

But in 1771, to the relief of the overburdened people, the Great Gray Wolf, accompanied by his lady and the belle of Carolina, left for New York, where he showed his fangs no less plainly than in the South. The palace is in ruins now, and only Wake County attests by its name the brief and brilliant sovereignty of Esther Wake.

But if ladies could do much to harass a tired people into rebellion, other aristocratic ladies showed that they could aid in turning that rebellion into revolution.

From New Berne we go to Edenton. There, in Mistress Elizabeth King's drawing-room, we find fifty-one ladies assembled for a tea drinking. The china caddy is brought in, the silver urn, (no plebeian pot—we are among the colonial

aristocrats) the thin china cups are brought, then dramatic moment—each lady is offered her choice of the best black Bohea or Hyperion, dried raspberry leaves. Their dish of tea is dear to these dames and damsels, but their rights are dearer, and one and all refuse the “hateful tea with the hateful tax upon it.” Mistress Penelope Barker is appointed chairman of a committee to draw up resolutions setting forth that “We, the ladies of Edenton, do hereby solemnly engage not to conform to that Pernicious Custom of Drinking Tea, or that we, the aforesaid ladies, will not promote ye wear of any manufacture from England, until such time that all Acts which tend to enslave this our Native Country are repealed.” Mistress Sarah Valentine, Mistress Isabella Johnson, Mistress Winifred Haskins, Mistress Barker, Mistress King, and forty-six other ladies signed this woman’s Declaration of Independence in 1774, more than worthy to be ranked with the so-called Boston Tea Party. The only memento of the occasion was a picture, twelve by fourteen inches, done on glass. On this glass is painted the portraits of the assembled ladies, one of whom is writing the resolutions in letters large enough to be read. Its origin is not known, but in 1830 Lieutenant W. T. Muse, of Edenton, cruising on the Mediterranean, discovered in a barber’s shop at Port Mahon this picture of the patriotic ladies, purchased it and brought it home. For thirty years it was on exhibition at Edenton, but unfortunately during the Civil War this valuable relic was broken in three pieces. An oil painting of the scene now hangs in the State Library at Raleigh.

From high to low, from the Governor’s palace to a wrecker’s cottage we go for our next heroine. It is at night on Currituck Sound that Betsy Dowdy heard that “them blamed Britishers” were on their way from Norfolk, and would meet the Continental forces at Great Bridge. If General Skinner could be informed and reinforce the Patriots with his militia, that section of the country would be saved; but the old fishermen shook their heads; the thing could not be done. Men said it could not be done. Betsy’s lips tightened. She left the room and sought the marsh where the ponies

herded. Her own pet, Black Bess, came at her call. The resolute girl saddled her with a blanket, sprang on her back and the lonely night ride was begun. Down the beach she dashed, over the ford at Currituck Sound, around by the Narrows (now Elizabeth City) with only the stars to keep watch and the waves to whisper courage. Many a time her heart must have sunk at the black shadows, and fear turned her faint and sick, but a heroine is one who performs brave deeds in spite of fear, and Betsy did not draw rein till General Skinner's home was reached. Her dark ride was not thrown away. When she retraced her steps next day she was met by tidings of victory. The reinforcement had been successful and the battle of Great Bridge was won. Soon the red coats sailed away from Norfolk, leaving Betsy and Black Bess to enjoy more peaceful rides over the sands of the Albemarle counties.

Another ride in Carolina's annals was prompted by love. Mary Slocumb, torn by anguish for her husband repelling the enemy at Moore's Creek, mounted her horse and rode sixty long miles to the battlefield. We honor the courage that brought her those sixty weary miles to ascertain her husband's safety, but we reverence even more the fortitude and womanly pity that bound her to the battlefield that day, tending wounded Patriot and Tory alike—all were her friends—among the dying she had no foes.

Let us be equally just and recognize a heroine as such, though on "the other side." And surely none would have Flora MacDonald disloyal to the Crown. The subject of the intrepid Scotch maiden is familiar in history. We all know how her daring and presence of mind saved the life of Bonnie Prince Charlie. But all her hopes and the loyal and loving service of hosts of others could not put that much loved pretender on the throne. Later Flora married Allen MacDonald, and in 1775 emigrated to America and settled at Cross Creek (now Fayetteville) among many other Scotch refugees. Like many other Scotch settlers, the MacDonalds were strong adherents of royalty. "I fought England to put Bonnie Charles on the throne, yet I cannot aid the Americans

in this rebellion," Mrs. MacDonald said staunchly, and she and her husband were active Tories. In the battle of Moore's Creek he was taken prisoner. As soon as he was released this heroine of two unsuccessful causes set sail for the Scotch Highlands, where, on March 3rd, 1796, over three thousand persons followed her to the grave. But Flora MacDonald tarried with us such a short time that we can hardly claim her as an adopted daughter.

Let us now leave the coast of Carolina and march with Greene one hundred miles through rain, ice and snow. No blankets, no sleep, no food! Truly the God of battles was for us, or the labor had been in vain. Wary, destitute, disheartened, Greene reached Salisbury. "Are you alone?" he was asked. "Yes, alone, fatigued, hungry and penniless," he answered bitterly. Mrs. Elizabeth Steele left the room, but soon returned, bringing two small canvas bags containing her little hoard, the savings of years. "Take these, General," she said simply, placing them in his hands; "you will need them, and I can do without them." She was of Scotch-Irish descent, was Elizabeth Steele, but that unselfish assurance makes her near akin to the English knight, Sir Philip Sydney, who dying on the battlefield gave the longed-for draught to a wounded private, for "thy necessity is greater than mine."

This is but a short roll call of the more prominent women, who have lived for a time at least, or all their lives, on Carolina soil. There were, and are, thousands of others as devoted, elegant and brave as those mentioned whose influence is not lost, though their names are shrouded in obscurity.

Old Saint Luke's

MYRTLE B. JOHNSTON, '11

In the neighborhood of the small town of Roper, there stands an old dilapidated country church, known far and wide as "Old Saint Luke's". It is an Episcopal Church and is loved and revered throughout the community not only for its age, but also for the sacred memories that cling around it as the church in which our fathers and grandfathers worshiped in the good old days "befo' de war".

When approached from the roadside the outline of the old structure is dimly seen through a clump of tall pine trees, and in the cold grey light of a cloudy day in November it presents a scene of utter desolation. The grounds surrounding it are covered with a rank growth of fennels and other weeds; and the blotched and discolored marble of the tombstones gleams fitfully through this wind-swept undergrowth. It is interesting to ramble through this country graveyard, though it differs in little from others of the same kind. Most of the graves are marked by simple marble slabs, and many of these have fallen to the ground; some are known only by a slightly sunken spot overgrown with moss; but here and there a tall marble column rears itself above the narrow confines of an iron fence. The simplest and yet the most fitting of all the stones are two old grey moss-grown granite rocks, without even a name to tell who lies beneath them.

In the center of this community of the dead, stands the old church itself. Its small barnlike structure is relieved from absolute plainness only by the addition of a little box of a steeple surmounted by a cross. The weather-boarding, which is hoary with age and the lack of paint, is in many places decayed; the doors no longer hang upon the rusty hinges; and planks replace the tiny-paned window lights. Swaying off from the back is a small annex which in earlier days was used as a schoolroom. The whole building is topped by a new shingled roof, recently added to protect the interior from the weather, and as the bright freshness has barely worn off the

shingles, the old ruin presents much the same appearance as an aged storm-beaten sailor crowned with a silk beaver instead of his sailor's cap.

As we pass to the inside of the church, the same scene of sadness and desolation meets us, and we feel that we must walk on tiptoe and speak softly lest the solemnity of its repose be disturbed. The noisy chirp of the insects that have made their homes in the decayed wood ceases at our approach, and we advance through the one narrow aisle between two rows of straight-backed uncushioned pews up to the chancel itself. Upon the sacred desk hangs a fragment of the red altar cloth, but no Bible rests upon it. On one side of the chancel is the baptismal font; on the other, in the little square reserved for the choir, the tiny old fashioned organ, but its keys no longer respond to the touch.

This completes the survey of the church. Pausing to rest for a moment on a dusty plaster-strewn bench we seem to hear the little organ peal forth again the good old time hymns, and to see the young men and maidens demurely sitting in the choir, the sober church members near the front, and the beloved bishop in his place. But alas, we wake from our reverie to find that the music was only a shrill blast of the November wind, and the rest—a picture of fancy!



State Normal Magazine

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Vol. XIII

NOVEMBER, 1908

No. 1

A Welcome to 1912

Every college at the beginning of every year has the privilege and pleasure of welcoming a new class. The Seniors of the past have gone, taking with them much of the institution's strength, much of its power, many of its ideals; but the Freshmen of this year are waiting to fill the vacancy, waiting to give of their strength, waiting to press forward with the same high standards, the same lofty ideals. Without the fresh inspiration, and the new ideas introduced by the Freshman Class, no college could have a live, healthy existence. The enthusiasm, the energy, the freshness, the *life* that the Freshmen give to each college is absolutely indispensable. On the other hand, the college offers much to its Freshmen. May our own 1912, a class of one hundred and twenty Freshmen.

realize how much of good their four years at college may give to them, if they are only willing and ready to receive it.

So to 1912, wearers of the lavender of 1908, we give the heartiest of welcomes.

Greensboro's Centennial Celebration

A great event in the history of Greensboro was the celebration of her hundredth anniversary, beginning Sunday, October 11th, and lasting throughout the week. This, in combination with the Central Carolina Fair, made a gala week that the people of Greensboro are not likely to forget in years to come. The decorations were beautiful, especially at night when the millions of lights illuminated the city. Large flags floated from the business houses; great columns were erected at the corners of the streets, and an arch of "Welcome" was near the railway station. The celebration opened Sunday with special services in all the churches. Monday was the great educational day, when six thousand school children, besides the students of the Greensboro Female College and of the State Normal College, marched through the streets by way of the court house to the new auditorium. Dr. George T. Winston, the chief speaker on this occasion, delivered a most excellent address. Tuesday was the day of the sham battle between the United States troops as the British and the North Carolina militia as the Americans. This engagement took place on the Guilford Battle Ground. The centennial exercises of Wednesday morning opened with a Pythian parade. The costumes worn by the Knights were very interesting, and varied from the Graham Lodge, the members of which were dressed in blue overalls, plaid home-spun shirts and big sugar-loaf hats, to one of the Greensboro lodges whose members were dressed in rich velvet costumes bespangled with silver, and helmets with long flowing plumes. On the same day Richmond P. Hobson delivered, in the Smith Memorial Building, the opening address of the Peace Conference. At the same hour Mr. M. O. Eldridge, of the Government Good Roads Department, spoke at the auditorium in behalf of good roads. Thursday was histor-

ical day. Large exhibits of relics collected by the Centennial Committee were shown in the Centennial Building at the fair grounds. Friday concluded the events of the Centennial, and is thought by many to be the best day of the celebration. There was a great parade of floats representing the manufacturing interests and principal business houses of the city, and four hundred Confederate veterans, United States infantry and cavalry marched from the city hall to the railway station. The celebration concluded Friday night with a concert by the New York All Star Concert Company.

Many people of note came to the Centennial, and many who could not attend sent their regrets. Among the guests were Gov. Ansel, of South Carolina; Dr. Tillet, of Vanderbilt University; President Poteat, of Wake Forest College; Dr. Samuel Smith and Mr. E. J. Watson, of South Carolina; Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York; Mrs. George Henderson, of Mississippi; and Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, of Winston-Salem, N. C.

It is the universal opinion that the Centennial was a great success from every point of view. The weather was ideal, and this helped to make the celebration what it was. Great crowds attended every meeting; people came from all parts of our State and from many other States. The committee, who planned the exercises, and the people of the city are to be congratulated upon their success.

Educational Procession

The following account was written by Mrs. L. L. Hobbs, one of the judges of the procession:

One of the most delightful and inspiring events connected with the Centennial in Greensboro was the procession of students and school children which occurred on Monday morning. Many, if not most, of those who witnessed this parade had never seen anything like it before, and the interest was intense.

A grandstand had been erected over the sidewalk in front of the county court house and here seats were arranged

for the judges. The square and both sidewalks along the route were packed with a most attentive and appreciative crowd. Occasionally a man was seen carrying four or five red, white or brown hats; for after the gathering on College Hill it was decided that the children of certain schools should march bareheaded, and the fathers manfully cared for the headgear while the little daughters marched.

The way between the tracks was cleared by mounted police, and over the hill the column began to file; on they came, a shining phalanx—girls dressed in white. The line was led by Greensboro's oldest educational institution, and one of which the whole State is proud—the famous G. F. C. Two hundred and fifty passed two by two, and then came the battalions of the State Normal College, each girl wearing our state flag. One was overwhelmed, as they came and came and continued to come, by the magnitude of the beneficent power here represented. Then followed the high schools of the county, all fittingly designated by uniform caps or hats and banners flying. They bore impressive witness to the excellence of these latest additions to our public school system. The country schools followed, then Greensboro's graded schools, with the myriads of pupils: Proximity and White Oak, with astonishing numbers.

It seemed invidious to even think there could be a best amidst such a bewildering array of excellence. Some schools excelled in one thing, and some in another. In some the children kept perfect step and marched beautifully, while in others the general effect was better. The prize was awarded to the Ashboro Street graded school, which had chosen green as its distinguishing badge and had a Lilliputian General Greene riding along the ranks. They marched with ease and precision. The judges felt in bestowing the prize that it was as *primus inter pares* that it was bestowed.

It was a beautiful thing to mass the county's treasure thus and let be seen what our schools mean. Compared with the usual "floats" which are almost always in evidence, this far surpassed what would have been possible, because this represented the hope and the pride of both city and county in a perfectly simple, sincere way. The originators of this scheme deserve the cordial thanks of all who witnessed the unique and beautiful procession.

Wanted—A College Song

At the last regular annual meeting of the Alumnae Association of the State Normal and Industrial College of North Carolina, a Committee of Alumnae was appointed to select a song that may be adopted and used by the College as distinctly and distinctively her own.

The committee, therefore, offers a prize of ten dollars in gold to the person who shall write the most appropriate song. Any one who desires to do so may compete for this prize, but the committee reserves the right to reject any and every poem that does not adequately represent the spirit of the College.

The literary value of the songs sent to the committee will be passed upon by competent judges. If any contribution is accepted as worthy to be made the College Song, the writer will be notified of his success as early as possible after the judges' decision is reached.

In the event of the author's desiring to set his own words to an original musical composition, such a composition will be carefully judged by musical critics, with the understanding that the Committee of Alumnae may reject any or all of such contributions.

In order that the song may be introduced, the name of the author announced, and the prize awarded at the College Commencement in May, 1909, all competitors for the prize are urged to have their contributions in the hands of the Committee before April 1st, 1909.

OELAND L. BARNETT,
BERTHA M. LEE,
SETHELLE BOYD,
EMILY AUSTIN,
ETHEL LEWIS HARRIS.
Committee.

Notice to Alumnae

The editors of the NORMAL MAGAZINE and the Alumnae Association have arranged that every one paying an annual fee to the Alumnae Association shall receive the NORMAL MAGAZINE for a year. This annual fee is a dollar, due on Thanksgiving

day to Miss E. S. Austin, Tarboro, N. C. This announcement will be read with a great deal of interest by the Alumnae, who always welcome every opportunity of coming in closer touch with their Alma Mater. The magazine will endeavor to give special attention to Alumnae notes and the work of the Association, "The McIver Loan Fund."





Echoes from Without

ELIZABETH ROBINSON, '10

The Fleet's Triumphs

The voyage around the globe of the United States fleet, to which so many eyes are turned, is proving advantageous in many ways. The whole cruise has made for peace, for national unity, and for international understanding. The relations with each of the countries visited will henceforth be more intimate and friendly. Many diplomatic problems of the future will be made easier by this cruise. There have been many practical gains to the United States also. Naval experts say that except for a campaign of real fighting nothing can compare with this experience for teaching officers and men how to handle warships. The skill gained is of untold value. In other ways, too, this voyage of the fleet is quite a triumph.

The Conquest of the Air

Two Americans, Wilbur and Orville Wright, during September, proved themselves the champion aviators of the world, by breaking all previous records for aëroplane flight, both in the United States and on the continent. Their machine is the result of many years of painstaking effort, and is a distinctive American product. A disaster to the Orville Wright aëroplane occurred while the machine, which carried Mr. Wright and his assistant, Lieutenant Selfridge, was in flight at Fort Meyer, Va. The aëroplane fell seventy-five feet, and both men were buried under the wreckage. The unfortunate Lieutenant was so badly injured that he died within a few hours of the accident. Mr. Wright was injured, but much less seriously.

The Recent Tuberculosis Congress

Tuberculosis can be cured! Such is the confident and well supported statement made at the International Congress on Tuberculosis which recently held its sessions in Washington, D. C. The deaths from tuberculosis in the United States for the past year alone are estimated at 160,000. Statistics show that, during the past four years, tuberculosis caused more than three times as many deaths in this country as occurred in action and from wounds received in action during the whole Civil War. What a boon to humanity, if the claims of this Congress can be substantiated!

A Woman's Conquest of the Andes

The past summer has been a notable one for the triumphs of American muscle and endurance. The results of the olympic games at London proved that in practically every branch of athletics American men have no superiors in the world. And now it appears that American women, also, can claim their share of praise—and no small one—for in September Miss Annie Peck climbed to the summit of Mt. Huasean, one of the hitherto unconquered peaks of the Andes. Some idea of this achievement may be gained from the varying estimates of the height of this mountain, which range from 22,080 to 26,000 feet, and from the fact that many famous explorers failed in their attempts to reach the summit.

The Great Losses from Recent Floods and Fires

Disastrous floods in Georgia and the Carolinas late in August destroyed a great deal of property, brought ruin to corn and cotton crops over a wide area, and drowned a number of people. Now, when the rains descend, the floods do literally come. Year after year these increasing floods remind us of the abuses man has wrought to the forests, and of his duty to restore this growth. The losses by floods were succeeded by forest fires that ravaged a belt of territory reaching

across the continent along both sides of the boundary line between the United States and Canada. Not only were many lives lost in these calamities, but property to the value of millions was destroyed, whole towns were wiped off the map, and thousands of families were left homeless and destitute.

During this last month of the presidential campaign we hear the noise of drums and orators. Great crowds gather wherever Mr. Bryan or Mr. Taft go; the partizan newspapers make earnest appeals and warnings; collectors of campaign funds are active; and each party is confident that its candidate will be successful, while all eagerly await election day.





Among Ourselves

CLAUDE UMSTEAD, '09

What fun it is getting ready to go back to college again! First, the dressmaker comes and makes you pretty new clothes; then the cook prepares fried chicken, beaten biscuit and cake for you to take back.

And at the last Sunday night tea you say, "Just think! Tomorrow night at this time I won't be here." Then brother says, "What a happy time that will be for us!" Then every one laughs and no one appreciates the fact that you will be leaving tomorrow except mother.

After tea your friends come in to say goodbye and all promise to send you flowers when you graduate in May. What a rush it is packing next morning! At last the trunks are gone and you come down "spick and span", ready for the dear old Normal again. With a light goodbye to assembled friends and relatives and solemn promises to write soon, you are off.

On the train you meet a number of your friends, and forget about having left home until Gibsonville is called. Then a great desire to be with your mother comes over you. But in the rush of getting your trunks to the college, you get over the homesickness. As you near the College, your spirit rises, and, when you see the buildings, all lighted up, your heart throbs with the happy anticipation of seeing again those to whom you said goodbye last May.

Such a reunion of last year's friends takes place when you reach the Spencer Building! While waiting to be assigned to your room, you talk with the other girls about the "grand time" you have had this summer. But the happiest time comes when you reach your room and are alone with your roommate. Then you say, in truth, "Dear, it is good to be back again with you at our dear old Alma Mater."

The Y. W. C. A. has been very fortunate in having at its evening services such leaders as Dr. White, of Atlanta; Dr. Poteat, of Wake Forest; Dr. Clarke, Miss Cheshire and Miss Garrison.

On the evening of October 2nd, the Social Committee of the Y. W. C. A. entertained the faculty and students in the gymnasium. It was a pleasant mingling of the new and the old students. The room was lighted with Japanese lanterns and artistically decorated with screens, rugs, sofa pillows and potted plants. In the corners of the room were three dimly lighted booths behind which sat dark-haired gypsies, who revealed to those desiring information, most wonderful mysteries as to the future. Music was furnished by Miss Lasley at the piano and Miss Moring at the graphophone. Delightful refreshments, consisting of cream and cake, were served, after which the guests departed, having spent a most pleasant evening with the Social Committee.

On the afternoon of October 7th, Mr. James Young came out to the College and gave a very interesting lecture on Hamlet. The same evening the seniors and juniors were allowed to attend the play, Brown of Harvard, in which Mr. Young took the leading part. Since then the seniors have been singing, "When Love is Young in Springtime." to their freshman friends; so we know they still remember Mr. Young.

On October 14th we had a holiday to take part in the exercises of Educational Day of the Greensboro Centennial Week. The pupils of the schools and colleges of Guilford County gathered upon the campus of Greensboro Female College. Shortly after ten o'clock the educational parade began to march from here, passing along West Market Street to Court Square, thence down South Elm to Washington; thence along East Washington and Forbis Streets to the auditorium. It is said by those who saw this procession of more than 7000 girls and boys that they had never witnessed a more inspiring spectacle anywhere. The line of march

was led by the students of Greensboro Female College, wearing white dresses and white hats with light green bands; next came the students of the State Normal College dressed in pure white and wearing tiny North Carolina flags; these were followed by the graded and public schools of Guilford County. At the auditorium Dr. George Winston, the centennial orator, delivered a most magnificent address.

On October 14th we were made happy by the announcement that on Wednesday we would be allowed to go to the Fair. With flying colors we reached the Fair grounds about noon. For the rest of the day we threw "come back" balls and confetti, rode on the merry-go-round and Ferris wheel, listened with thrilling hearts to the revealing of the mysteries of the future by the fortune-teller, and admired the exhibits to our hearts' content. Many are lamenting the fact that "Fair Day" does not come oftener.

Miss Casler, Traveling Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. for the Carolinas, was with us Sunday evening, October 12th. She gave us a most interesting and profitable illustrated lecture on "Foreign Missions".

On Tuesday night, October 15th, from eight to ten o'clock, our faculty and students were at home to their Greensboro friends and their friends from abroad. The Main Building, Students Building, Library and the new McIver Memorial Building were thrown open to the guests. The main receiving party was stationed in the parlor and along the halls were groups of receivers, who ushered the guests into the dining-room, where light refreshments were served. During the reception Prof. Brockmann's College Orchestra rendered some very beautiful selections, which added to the joy of the occasion.

On the evening of October 16th, Mr. Foust took the seniors and marshals on a delightful car ride to see the illuminations of the city. During the ride, songs of such an irresistible nature were sung that all joined in, whether they could

carry a tune or not. Everyone enjoyed the ride immensely and many thanks are due to Mr. Foust for a very pleasant evening.

Among our former students who have visited us this fall are Nan Buford, Myrtle Griffith, Rachel Mauney, Kate Shepard, Mary Williams, Nettie Brogden, Margaret Redmond, Ethel Brown, Blanche Hanes, Lelia Styron, Mary Carter, Katherine Nash McIver and Maggie Burkett Brawley.

Changes in Our Faculty

Our readers will be interested to know of the changes made in our faculty this year.

Miss Hinda Teague Hill, of Conway, Arkansas, has become head of our French Department. She is an A. B. graduate of Galloway College, Searcy, Arkansas, has the L. I. and A. B. degrees from Peabody College and the University of Nashville. taught four years in Galloway College, resigning her position for a year's study abroad. She spent the past year in travel and in study in Geneva and Berlin.

Miss Bertha May Bell, a graduate of Westtown Boarding School and of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, is our Director of Physical Culture. She has taught at the Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I., and at Miss Knox's School, Briar Cliff Manor, New York.

Miss Julia Dameron, who was with us two years ago as a member of the faculty, returned to us as assistant in the English Department. During her absence she has spent one year at the University of North Carolina, graduating with the Class of 1908.

Miss Snyder, having been given a year's leave of absence, her place as German assistant has been taken by Miss Anna Louise Howard, of Kinston, N. C. Miss Howard is an A. B. graduate of Randolph-Macon Woman's College, has taught English and Latin in the Kinston High School, and for several years has had charge of the Latin, French and German work in Atlantic Christian College, Wilson, N. C. She did

special work in German this summer at the Harvard Summer School.

Miss Anna Meade Michaux, of Greensboro, N. C., has charge of the first grade work in the Training School. We feel that we are fortunate in securing her to take the work given up by Miss Spier, who has a year's leave of absence to become field secretary for the Alumnae Association.

Miss Inez Daughtry, of Jackson, Ga., has accepted the assistant's position in our library. She is an A. B. graduate of Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga., and also a graduate of the Library Training School, connected with the Carnegie Library, of Atlanta.

Mrs. Lena Davies, of Barnwell, S. C., is our Matron. For four years she was Matron at Welsh Neck High School, Hartsville, S. C.

Miss Mamie Toler, of Goldsboro, N. C., has returned to us to take charge of the dining-room. She graduated in 1906 and has taught one year during her absence.

We welcome each one of these earnest workers to our College.

Whereabouts of Faculty During the Summer

During the summer vacation President Foust attended a meeting of the National Educational Association at Cleveland. He was elected a member of the Council of the Association. This is possibly the most important department connected with this great gathering of educators.

He also made a short visit to Nashville, Tenn., for a conference with Dr. Wickliffe Rose about some matters connected with the relation of the College to the Peabody Fund. He addressed several educational gatherings in different parts of the State, but did not find it possible to leave the College for any length of time on account of the necessity of looking after the improvements being made.

Mr. Smith was in Greensboro all summer, except one or two weeks which he and his family spent at Virginia Beach.

Miss Kirkland spent her vacation with friends in Raleigh.

Miss Coit devoted two months of the summer vacation to the work at the College, but was away during June. She attended the Young Women's Christian Association Conference at Asheville, June 5-15. After this she visited at Brevard, N. C., and at Salisbury, her home town.

Miss Fort attended the summer session at Columbia University, taking special work in drawing and painting.

Miss Mendenhall and Miss Mary Petty also attended a part of the summer session at Columbia University, taking work in their respective departments.

Miss Annie Petty was at Chautauqua, N. Y., during the summer and attended lectures at Library School there.

Dr. Gove went to Delaware Water Gap for a short visit just before College opened, but she spent most of the summer in the White Mountains with her parents, who returned to Greensboro with her.

Mr. Forney spent the vacation months with his family at their summer home, Rhine, Ashe County, N. C.

Miss Strong was during the greater part of the summer with an ill sister at Brevard, N. C. We are glad to know that this sister has about regained her strength.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammell left Greensboro in July for Baltimore, where they spent the remainder of the summer.

Dr. Gudger, on his way to Beaufort, N. C., "personally conducted" the "Great Eastern", as that train which carries home those Normal College students who live in Eastern North Carolina is called. He spent eleven weeks as special assistant in the Marine Biological Laboratory, at Beaufort, engaged in research work on the habits and histories of fishes for the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries. While there he wrote a scientific paper for the International Fishery Congress, which met in Washington, September 22nd-26th. The last month of his vacation was spent at Waynesville, at the home of his sister, Mrs. Chas. E. Quinlan, who, as Miss Annie Gudger, was a student here, 1895-'98.

Miss Robinson taught for two months at her home near Wadesboro, N. C.

Mr. Merritt, as usual, attended commencement at the State University, at the same time visiting his parents who live at

Chapel Hill. He has built himself a new home and is now a neighbor to Mr. Forney and Mr. Smith on Spring Garden Street, toward Pomona.

Miss Dunn and Mr. Merritt conducted a 'Teachers' Institute in Bladen County, at White Lake, during the first two weeks in August.

Mr. Matheson, after presiding over the 'Teachers' Assembly at Charlotte, went to Montreat, where he spent most of the summer.

Miss Wiley and Miss Winfield also spent the summer at Montreat.

Miss Snyder, who has a leave of absence that she may have a year of rest, spent several months recuperating in the Adirondacks, N. Y. We are glad to hear she is steadily improving.

Miss Jamison, soon after commencement, went to Tate Springs, and later to Montreat to spend the remainder of the summer.

Mr. Hoexter spent most of his vacation in New York City.

Miss Shuford was at the College during June. The rest of the vacation she spent at her home and down in Anson County, where she visited.

Miss Banner stayed six weeks during the summer at Catawba Springs. In her absence, Nannie McArn did her work at the College.

Miss Boyd spent the summer months with her parents at Montreat, where they have a summer home.

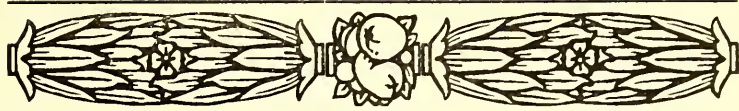
Miss Bagby was at Gray, N. C., in the mountains, during vacation.

Miss McAdams spent part of the summer in the mountains of North Carolina, and the other part in Northern Georgia where also she found mountains.

The following had a quiet, restful summer at their respective homes: Miss Boddie, Nashville, N. C.; Mrs. Sharpe, Greensboro, N. C.; Miss Lee, Mocksville, N. C.; Miss Bond, Windsor, N. C.; Mr. Brockmann, Greensboro, N. C.; Miss Brockmann, Greensboro, N. C.; Mrs. Albright, Greensboro, N. C.; Miss Schenck, Greensboro, N. C.; Mrs. Weatherspoon, Greensboro, N. C.; Miss Parker, Asheville, N. C.; Miss Bar-

nett, Shelby, N. C.; Miss Daniels, Roxboro, N. C.; Miss Case. Oak Ridge, N. C.; Miss McNaughton, Middleville, Mich.; Miss Raines, Talbotton, Ga.; Miss Harris, Henderson, N. C.; Miss Fitzgerald, Mocksville, N. C.; Miss Nash, Tarboro, N. C.; Miss Thurston, Taylorsville, N. C.; Miss Exum, Snow Hill, N. C.; Miss Spier, Goldsboro, N. C.





In Lighter Vein

KATE JEFFREYS

A member of the physical geography class has an epidemic dictionary.

From the Training School.—“Then his sister heard his little foot tracks and opened the door for him.”

Elma W. wants to know if you have to write your name on both stockings when you put a pair in the laundry.

We shall be glad to receive any information concerning the Bazaar's office. A new student wishes to make a payment.

“Nannie, did you know that Adelaide Thurston is coming here this week?”

“No, who is she going to visit?”

Mary M. says she thinks the industrial coil one of the most interesting things studied about in physics. We suppose she means induction coil.

“I am just scared to death of Miss ——,” declared one of the Freshmen.

“What's the matter, did she *saw* you?”

“Saw me!” she asked, “saw me do what?”

“A—, be sure and get me some essay paper from the stationery room.”

“S. A. paper, I wonder what kind of paper that is,” said A., as she went on her errand.

EXTRACTS FROM THE GERMAN EXAMINATION

A voice appeared into siegfried and told him how to escape death.

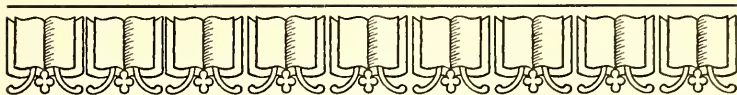
The Seandinavian god from whom Saturday is named was Saturn.

On the table in the Goethe room is a Lorelei wreath.

The square before the theater was the *gutest* place for a monument.

Siegfried dug a whole in the ground.





Exchange Department

LAURA B. WEILL

The University Magazine for October opens with an interesting article on a question which has been discussed since the beginning of things, but which always has appealed to mankind and always will appeal to it from its deeply personal nature. The article, which is called "Two Incidents", is written by the Hon. A. M. Waddell, an honored alumnus of the institution, and presents two directly opposite views on the question of the life hereafter. It is an article which is worth while, and should remind many other colleges of the fact that much excellent material for college publications may be gained from its alumni. In the same issue a story called "The Tragedy of the Banks" appears. This is a well written piece, and one which holds the attention throughout. It is emotional without being intensely so, and is a relief after one has read such stories as "The Tramp's Return Home" in the Western Maryland College Monthly, and "Too Late" in The Leonorian. These two stories are intensely dramatic, absolutely untrue to life, and too pathetic for such a publication as a college magazine. The Western Maryland College Monthly, however, redeems itself for such unmannerly sadness by having an excellent page of jokes—jokes over which one can really laugh.

The Davidson College Magazine is an excellent publication. Throughout it is readable, sensible, and thoroughly good. An appreciation of Isaac Ervin Avery, which finds a place in the publication, is indeed a satisfaction to all North Carolinians who have learned to love this one of their native writers. The connection between Davidson's motto, "Ich dien", and the famous Marshal Ney is very interestingly told in an article, bearing as its title the motto. "The Poet", a story by W. W.

Morton, is a clever bit of comedy, and makes very enjoyable reading. There are, however, in this magazine three articles by H. N. Alexander, and three contributions by W. W. Morton. This looks as if most of the work of the magazine is put upon the shoulders of a favored few.

The Red and White for September is disappointing, but contains an excellent editorial, entitled, "Help Wanted". After reading it, we should think it strange if every A. and M. man were not ready to give the magazine his heartiest support and encouragement.





Alumnae and Former Students

LOLA J. LASLEY, '09

Ida Ardrey, who was in College from '92 to '94, is now Mrs. W. H. Crowell, of Whiteville.

Bessie Johnson, of Warsaw, lives in Chadbourn as Mrs. J. H. Land, with her interesting family of three.

Mrs. William Franklin Smith, *nee* Mary N. Boddie, is living at Chadbourn.

Mary Agnes Monroe, of the Class of 1908, has now the degree of M. R. S. Mr. F. H. Hobbs, of Fayetteville, is the fortunate man.

Jessie McMillan, whose health did not permit her to return to the College this winter, is contemplating a winter in Florida.

Bert Albright, of Graham, is now Mrs. Frank Moore. and resides in Burlington.

Agnes McBrayer, Nettie Beverley, Mary Watson, Sallie McLean, Leslie Proctor and Mamie Avent are all teaching in the Lumberton Graded School.

Daisy Randal is now Mrs. Eugene Snipes. Mr. Snipes is pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Burlington.

Fayetteville is unusual in its type of "Normal Girl". Jennie Evans is the only teacher from the Normal in the city schools.

Martha Allen and Nannie LaRoque are spending the winter at home "having a good time".

Maude Rogers, '09, is keeping house for her father at Durham.

Mamie Hightower is stenographer for the Home Savings Department, Greensboro.

Kate Redmond is spending the winter at her home, Tarboro.

Mary Landon Ayer, Mollie Evans, Carrie Bell Gainey, Louise Huske, Annie Sedberry, and Hattie Owen are all successful business women, holding responsible positions as book-keepers or stenographers at their home, Fayetteville.

Mrs. J. S. McRae, *nee* Julia Wiswall, is living in Maxton. Ophelia Howell, of Goldsboro, is now Mrs. W. R. Rankin. and resides in Durham.

Lilian Grey, '07, is teaching in the Kinston Graded School; Blanche Austin, '07, is teaching in the Thomasville Graded School; Mamie Toler, '07, is dietitian for the State Normal College; Clare Case, '07, is teaching Latin at the Normal College; and Grace Gill, '07, is teaching at Laurinburg. Mary Moses, "Billy", is keeping house for her father at Follette, Tennessee.

Elizabeth Blackwell is teaching the fourth and fifth grades at Smithfield.

Bettie and Frances Boddie are spending the winter at their home, Louisburg.

Catherine Nash is now Mrs. Claude McIver, of Spray.

Elizabeth Jones, of Warrenton, is now Mrs. George Davis, Brooklyn.

Mabel Hanes, '01, who has been teaching in Morganton at the Deaf and Dumb Institute, is going to Cuba as a missionary.

Pricie Farish is stenographer for the Burlington Plaid Mills.

Our College is well represented in the faculty of the Graham Graded School. Nettie Brogden, '08, is teaching the ninth and tenth grades; Margaret Redmond, '08, the seventh grade; Edna Forney, '08, the fourth grade; Emma Kelley the fifth grade; and Mattie Kate Shaw, '07, the third grade.

Margaret Freeman is stenographer for the Carolina Engineering Company, Burlington.

Grace White is teaching the seventh grade in the Concord Graded School.

Ida Lee Middleton is stenographer for the Egerton Lumber Company, Goldsboro.

Helen McArthur is in school at the Salem Academy.

Class of 1908

The faculty of the Asheville Graded School has a good representation of Normal girls. Eliza Stevens is teaching the fifth grade and Bessie Ives the sixth.

Ethel Brown is teaching the fifth grade at White Oak, Greensboro.

Mary Fitzgerald is teaching the fifth and sixth grades in the Mocksville Graded School.

Nemmie Paris is teaching the first grade at Rocky Mount.

Francis Wright is teaching at her home, Shortoff.

Hattie Clement and Maggie Barwick are teaching in the Durham Graded School.

Alice Flintoff is teaching near Danville, Va.

Ethel Hodges is teaching the second grade at LaGrange.

Mary Williams is spending the winter at her home, Mooresville; Sallie Slocumb Smith, at Dunn; and Hattie Griffin, at Goldsboro.

Blanche Hanes is teaching the second grade at Wilson.

North Wilkesboro claims a good many Normal girls as teachers. Nettie Rudisill is teaching the first grade, Bessie Hyman the second grade, and Willie White the third grade.

Carrie Powell is teaching the third and fourth grades at Wilkesboro; Lula Craven the first grade at Statesville, and Marianna Mann Latin and English in the Rockingham Graded School.

McIver Loan Fund

During the month of October the counties of Columbus and Cumberland were visited by the Field Secretary of the Alumnae Association. Columbus County has had only nineteen matriculates to the Normal, but they are most enthusiastic and loyal. A county association was formed, with Mrs. Joe Brown, of Chadbourn, as President; Blanch Smith, of Whiteville, Vice-President; Mrs. H. H. Horton, of Whiteville, Secretary and Treasurer; and Mrs. J. H. Land, of Chadbourn, and Margaret McRackan, of Vineland, as the other members of the Executive Committee. The heartiest support and indorsement was given to the McIver Loan Fund. Columbus

County has pledged to raise five hundred dollars as its part of the fund.

Cumberland County also responded most generously. A County Association was formed, and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. C. M. Hughes; Vice-President, Mrs. F. H. Hobbs; and Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Louise M. Huske. They have undertaken as their part of the McIver Loan Fund to raise three hundred dollars in the next two years.



ORGANIZATIONS



Marshals

Chief—Hallie Morrison, Iredell County

Assistants

Adelphians

Lola Lasley.....Alamance County
 Jessie SmoakWilkes County
 Flieda JohnsonGuilford County
 Laura WeillNew Hanover County
 Marion StevensWayne County

Cornelians

Mary Mitchell...New Hanover County
 Bessie CaubleRowan County
 Okla DeesPamlico County
 Elinor Huske.....Cumberland County
 Jane SummerellRowan County

Senior Class

..... President	Velna PopeSecretary
Jean BoothVice-President	Clara SloanTreasurer
Bessie CaubleCritic	Jean BoothHistorian
Florence LandisPoet	Kate JeffreysProphet

Junior Class

Annie MoringPresident	Emilie HymanSecretary
Nora Belle Wilson.....Vice-President	Willard PowersTreasurer
Elizabeth RobinsonHistorian	Viola KeeterCritic

Sophomore Class

Allie ParsonsPresident	Catharine JonesSecretary
Nannie LacyVice-President	Bertha DanielTreasurer
Annie L. WillsCritic	Minnie LittmannHistorian

Freshman Class

Not organized

Young Women's Christian Association

Mary MitchellPresident	Jane SummerellSecretary
Elinor HuskeVice-President	Margaret JohnTreasurer

Athletic Association

Edna DukePresident	Ada Viele..Vice-President, Sophomore
Nettie Dixon ...Vice-President, Senior	Clyde StancillSecretary
Laura Weill....Vice-President, Junior	Belle HicksTreasurer

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